

THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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Miscellany.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BROTHERS.

An Anecdote from the German of Schiller.

Plays and romances disclose to us the most shining traits in the human mind: our imagination is inflamed, but our heart remains cold; at least the fervour which is raised in it in this manner is only momentary, and becomes chilled in practical life. At the same instant that we are moved almost to tears by the unadorned goodness of heart of the noble hero of romance, we perhaps spurn with anger from our door, the miserable beggar who importunes us for charity. Who knows, whether this artificial existence in an ideal world, may not undermine our existence in the real one? We hover as it were about the two extremes of morality, angel and devil, and the medium—man—we abandon.

The following anecdote of two Germans, (with a proud joy do I say it) has one indisputable merit—it is true. I hope it may instil more warmth into my readers, than all the volumes of Grandison or of Pamela.

Two brothers, Barons of W——, were in love with a young and excellent lady, and neither was acquainted with the passion of the other. The affection of both was tender and vehement—it was their first: the maiden was beautiful, and formed of sensibility. They suffered their inclinations to increase to the utmost bounds, for the danger the most dreadful to their hearts was unknown to them, to have a brother for a rival. Each forbore an early explanation with the lady, and thus were both deceived; until an unexpected occurrence discovered the whole secret of their sentiments.

Their love had already risen to its utmost height: that most unhappy passion, which has caused almost as cruel ravages as its dreadful counterpart, had taken such complete possession of their hearts, as to render a sacrifice on either side impossible. The fair one, full of commiseration for the unhappy situation of these two unfortunates, would not decide upon the exclusion of either, but submitted her own feelings to the decision of their brotherly love.

Conqueror in this doubtful strife, betwixt duty and sentiment, which our philosophers are always so ready to decide, but which the practical man undertakes so slowly, the elder brother said to the younger, "I know thou lovest the maiden as vehement as myself. I will not ask for which of us a priority of right should determine. Do thou remain here, whilst I seek the wide world. I am willing to die, that I may forget her. If such be my fate, brother, then is she thine, and may heaven bless thy love! Should I not meet with death, do thou set out, and follow my example."

He left Germany, and hastened to Holland; but the form of his beloved still followed him. Far from the climate which she inhabited, banished from the spot which contained the whole felicity of his heart, in which alone he was able to exist, the unhappy youth sickened,—as the plant withers which is ravished from its maternal bed in Asia by the powerful European, and forced from its more clement sun into a remote and rougher soil. He reached Amsterdam in a desponding condition, where he fell ill of a violent and dangerous fever. The form of her he loved predominated in his frantic dreams; his health depended on her possession. The physicians were in doubt of his life, and nothing but the assurance of being restored again to her, rescued him from the arms of death. He arrived in his native city changed to a skeleton, the most dreadful image of consuming grief, and with tottering steps reached the door of his beloved—of his brother.

“Brother, behold me once again. Heaven knows how I have striven to subdue the emotions of my heart. I can do no more.”

He sunk senseless into the lady’s arms.

The younger brother was no less determined. In a few weeks he was ready to set out

“Brother, thou carriedst thy grief with thee to Holland. I will endeavour to bear mine farther. Lead not the maiden to the altar till I write to thee. Fraternal love alone permits such a stipulation. Should I be more fortunate than thou wert, in the name of God let her be thine, and may Heaven prosper thy union. Should I not, may the Almighty in that case judge further between us! Farewell. Take this sealed packet; do not open it till I am far from hence. I am going to Batavia.”

He then sprung into the coach. The other remained motionless, and absorbed in grief, for his brother had surpassed him in generosity. Love, and at the same time, the sorrow at losing such a man, rushed forcibly upon his mind. The noise of the flying vehicle pierced him to the heart—his life was feared. The lady—but no! of her I must not yet speak.

The packet was opened. It contained a complete assignment of all his German possessions to his brother, in the event of fortune being favourable to the fugitive in Batavia. The latter, subduer of himself, sailed with some Dutch merchants, and arrived safely at that place. A few weeks after, he sent his brother the following lines:—

“Here, where I return thanks to the Almighty, here, in another world, do I think of thee, and of our loves, with all the joy of a martyr. New scenes and events have expanded my soul, and God has given me strength to offer the greatest sacrifice to friendship—the maiden—God! here a tear doth fall—the last—I have conquered—the maiden is thine. Brother, it was not ordained that I should possess her; that is, she would not have been happy with me. If the thought should ever come to her, that she would have been—Brother! brother! with difficulty do I tear her from my soul. Do not forget how hard the attainment of her has been to thee. Treat her always as thy youthful passion at present teaches thee. Treat her always as the dear legacy of a brother, whom thy arms will never more enfold. Farewell! Do not write to me, when thou celebratest thy marriage—my wounds still bleed. Write to me, that thou art happy. My deed is a surety to me, that God will not forsake me in a foreign world.”

The nuptials were celebrated. The most felicitous of marriages lasted a year. At the end of that period the lady died. In her expiring moments, she acknowledged to her most intimate friend the unhappy secret of her bosom,—the exiled brother she had loved the strongest.

Both brothers still live. The elder upon his estates in Germany, where

he has married again. The younger remains in Batavia, and has become a fortunate and shining character. He made a vow never to marry, and has kept it.

Selections from Parry's Voyage.

WHALES.

It is usual for whales to descend head foremost, displaying the broad fork of their enormous tail above the surface of the water; but on one occasion, the ice was so close as not to admit of this mode of descent, and the fish went down tail foremost to the great amusement of our Greenland sailors.

SEA-HORSES.

A herd of sea-horses being seen lying on a piece of ice, our boat succeeded in killing one of them. These animals usually lie huddled together, like pigs, one over the other, and are so stupidly tame, as to allow a boat to approach them, within a few yards, without moving. When at length they are disturbed, they dash into the water in great confusion. It may be worth remarking, as a proof how tenacious the walrus sometimes is of life, that the animal killed to-day struggled violently for ten minutes after it was struck, and towed the boat twenty or thirty yards, after which the iron of the harpoon broke; and yet it was found, on examination, that the iron barb had penetrated both auricles of the heart. A quantity of the blubber was put into casks, as a winter's supply of lamp-oil.

ICE AND WIND.

It is curious to observe, in passing under the lee of ice, however small its extent or height above the sea, an immediate decrease in the strength of the wind. This effect cannot be attributed to any degree of shelter afforded by the ice, as in the cases to which I allude, it is, perhaps, not more than a single foot above the surface of the sea.

BEAR.

A large bear being seen on a piece of ice, near which we were passing, a boat was despatched in pursuit, and our people succeeded in killing and towing it on board. As these animals sink immediately on being mortally wounded, some dexterity is requisite to secure them, by first throwing a rope over the neck, at which many of the Greenland seamen are remarkably expert. It is customary for the boats of the whalers to have two or three lines coiled in them, which not only gives them great stability, but, with good management, makes it difficult for a bear, when swimming, to put his paw upon the gunwale, which they generally endeavour to do; whereas, with our boats, which are more light and crank, and therefore very easily heeled over, I have more than once seen a bear on the point of taking possession of them. Great caution should therefore be used, under such circumstances, in attacking these ferocious creatures. We have always found a boarding-pike the most useful weapon for this purpose. The lance used by the whalers will not easily penetrate the skin, and a musket-ball, except when very close, is scarcely more efficacious.

FOG.

The fog froze so hard upon the sails and rigging during the night, that I believe some tons were shaken off in the morning, to enable us to handle

the ropes and to work the ship with greater facility. The fields of ice and the icebergs must occasionally, during the summer, receive a considerable addition by this kind of deposit.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF ICE.

Mr. Fisher made an experiment on the specific gravity of berg-ice. Having formed a piece of this ice into a cube, whose sides measured twenty-eight lines, he floated it in a tub of sea-water, of the specific gravity 1,0256, and at the temperature of 33°, when nine lines remained above the surface of the water, being nearly one-eighth.

NEW MODE OF STEERING.

We were once more enveloped in fog, which, however, was not so thick as to prevent our having recourse to a new expedient for steering the ships, which circumstances at the time naturally suggested to our minds. Before the fog recommenced, and while we were sailing on the course which by the bearings of the land we knew to be the right one, the Griper was exactly astern of the Hecla, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. The weather being fortunately not so thick as to prevent our still seeing her at that distance, the quarter-master was directed to stand aft, near the taffrail, and to keep her constantly astern of us, by which means we contrived to steer a tolerably straight course to the westward. The Griper, on the other hand, naturally kept the Hecla right ahead; and thus, however ridiculous it may appear, it is, nevertheless, true, that we steered one ship entirely by the other for a distance of ten miles out of sixteen and a half, which we sailed between one and eleven P.M.

LOST ON THE ICE.

I must now mention an occurrence which had caused considerable apprehension in our minds for the two last days, and the result of which had nearly proved of very serious importance to the future welfare of the expedition. Early on the morning of the 11th I received a note from Lieutenant Liddon, acquainting me that, at daylight the preceding day, Mr. Fife, with a party of six men, had been despatched from the Griper, with the hope of surprising some rein-deer and musk-oxen, whose tracks had been seen in a ravine to the westward of the ships. As they had not yet returned, in compliance with the instructions given to Mr. Fife, and had only been supplied with a small quantity of provisions, it was natural to apprehend that they had lost their way in pursuit of game, more especially as the night had been too inclement for them to have voluntarily exposed themselves to it. I therefore recommended to Lieutenant Liddon to send a party in search of his people, and Messrs. Reed, Beverly, and Wakeham, who immediately volunteered their services on the occasion, were accordingly despatched for this purpose. Soon after their departure, however, it began to snow, which rendered the atmosphere so extremely thick, especially on the hills along which they had to travel, that this party also lost their way in spite of every precaution, but fortunately got sight of our rockets after dark, by which they were directed to the ships, and returned at ten o'clock, almost exhausted with cold and fatigue, without any intelligence of the absentees.

At daylight on the following morning I sent Lieutenant Hoppner, with the Hecla's fore-royal-mast rigged as a flag-staff, which he erected on a conspicuous hill four or five miles inland, hoisting upon it a large ensign, which might be seen at a considerable distance in every direction. This expedient occurred to us as a more certain mode of directing our absen-

tees towards the ships, than that of sending out a number of parties, which I could not in common prudence, as well as humanity, permit to go to any great distance from the ships; but the snow fell so thick, and the drift was so great, during the whole of the 12th, that no advantage could at that time be expected from it, and another night came without the absent party appearing.

On the 13th our apprehensions on their account had by this time increased to a most painful degree, and I therefore ordered four parties, under the command of careful officers, to be prepared to set out in search of them the following morning. These parties carried with them a number of pikes, having small flags attached to them, which they were directed to plant at regular intervals, and which were intended to answer the double purpose of guiding themselves on their return, and of directing the absent party, should they meet with them, to the ships. For the latter purpose a bottle was fixed to each pike, containing the necessary directions for their guidance, and acquainting them that provisions would be found at the large flag-staff on the hill. Our searching parties left the ships soon after daylight, the wind still blowing hard from the westward, with incessant snow, and the thermometer at 28° . This weather continued without intermission during the day, and our apprehensions for the safety of our people were excited to a most alarming degree, when the sun began to descend behind the western hills, for the third time since they had left the ship; I will not, therefore, attempt to describe the joyful feelings we suddenly experienced, on the Griper's hoisting the signal appointed, to inform us that her men, or a part of them, were seen on their return. Soon after we observed seven persons coming along the beach from the eastward, who proved to be Mr. Nias and his party, with four out of the seven men belonging to the Griper. From the latter, consisting of the corporal of marines and three seamen, we learned that they had lost their way within a few hours after leaving the ship, and had wandered about without any thing to guide them till about ten o'clock on the following day, when they descried the large flag-staff, at a great distance. At this time the whole party were together; but now, unfortunately, separated, in consequence of a difference of opinion respecting the flag-staff, which Mr. Fife mistook for a smaller one that had been erected some days before at a considerable distance to the eastward of our present situation; and, with that impression, walked away in a contrary direction, accompanied by two of his men. The other four who had now returned, (of whom two were already much debilitated,) determined to make for the flag-staff. When they had walked some distance, and were enabled to ascertain what it was, one of them endeavoured to overtake Mr. Fife, but was too much fatigued, and returned to his comrades. They halted during a part of the night, made a sort of hut of stones and turf to shelter them from the weather, and kindled a little fire with gunpowder and moss to warm their feet; they had never been in actual want of food, having lived upon raw grouse, of which they were enabled to obtain a quantity sufficient for their subsistence. In the morning they once more set forward towards the flag-staff, which they reached within three or four hours after Lieutenant Beechey had left some provisions on the spot: having eaten some bread, and drank a little rum and water, a mixture which they described as appearing to them perfectly tasteless and clammy, they renewed their journey towards the ships, and had not proceeded far, when, notwithstanding the snow which was constantly falling, they met with footsteps which directed them to Mr. Nias and his party, by whom they were conducted to the ships.

The account they gave us of Mr. Fife and his two companions led us to believe that we should find them, if still living, at a considerable distance to the westward, and some parties were just about to set out in that direction, when the trouble and anxiety which this mistake would have occasioned us were prevented by the arrival of another of the searching parties, with the information that Mr. Fife and the two men were on their way to the ships, being about five miles to the eastward. Some fresh hands were immediately sent to bring them in, and they arrived on board at 10 P. M., after an absence of ninety-one hours, and having been exposed, during three nights, to the inclemency of the first wintry weather we had experienced. Almost the whole of this party were much exhausted by cold and fatigue, and several of them were severely frost-bitten in their toes and fingers; but, by the skill and unremitted attention of our medical gentlemen, they were in a few days enabled to return to their duty.

Before midnight we had still greater reason than ever to be thankful for the opportune recovery of our people; for the wind increased to a hard gale about half past eleven, at which time the thermometer had fallen to 15° ; making altogether so inclement a night, as it would have been impossible for them, in their already debilitated state, to have survived. In humble gratitude to God for this signal act of mercy, we distinguished the headland to the westward of the ships by the name of Cape Providence.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

ON THE QUALIFICATIONS NECESSARY TO SUCCESS IN LIFE.

(Continued from p. 473.)

"I never knew a man of genius a coxcomb in dress," said a man of genius, and a sloven in dress. I do know a man of genius who is a coxcomb in his dress, and in every thing else. But let that pass.

C'est un mauvais metier que celui de médire.

I also know an artist who has at least the ambition and the boldness of genius, who has been reproached with being a coxcomb, and with affecting singularity in his dress and demeanor. If he is a coxcomb that way, he is not so in himself, but a rattling hairbrained fellow, with a great deal of unconstrained gaiety, and impetuous (not to say turbulent) life of mind! Happy it is when a man's exuberance of self-love flies off to the circumference of a broad-brimmed hat, descends to the toes of his shoes, or carries itself off with the peculiarity of his gait, or even vents itself in a little professional quackery;—and when he seems to think sometimes of you, sometimes of himself, and sometimes of others, and you do not feel it necessary to pay to him all the finical devotion, or are treated with the scornful neglect of a proud beauty, or some Prince Prettyman. It is well to be something of the coxcomb for our own sake as well as that of others; but, to be born with nothing else than or wholly without this faculty or gift of Providence, a man had better have had a stone tied about his neck, and been cast into the sea.

In general, the consciousness of internal power leads rather to a disregard of, than a studied attention to, external appearance. The wear and tear of the mind does not improve the sleekness of the skin, or the elasticity of the muscles. The burden of thought weighs down the body like a porter's burden. A man cannot stand so upright or move so briskly under it as if he had nothing to carry in his head or on his shoulders. The rose on the cheek, and the canker at the heart, do not flourish at the same time; and he who has much to think of, must take many things to heart; for thought and feel-

ing are one. He who can truly say, *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*, has a world of cares on his hands, which nobody knows any thing of but himself. This is not one of the least miseries of a studious life. The common herd do not by any means give him full credit for his gratuitous sympathy with their concerns; but are struck with his lack-lustre eye and wasted appearance. They cannot translate the expression of his countenance out of the vulgate; they mistake the knitting of his brows for the frown of displeasure, the paleness of study for the languor of sickness, the furrows of thought for the regular approaches of old age. They read his looks, not his books: have no clue to penetrate the last recesses of the mind, and attribute the height of abstraction to more than an ordinary share of stupidity. "Mr. — never seems to take the slightest interest in any thing," is a remark I have often heard made in a whisper. People do not like your philosopher at all, for he does not look, say, or think as they do; and they respect him still less. The majority go by personal appearances, not by proofs of intellectual power; and they are quite right in this, for they are better judges of the one than of the other. There is a large party who undervalue Mr. Kean's acting, (and very properly as far as they are concerned) for they can see that he is a little, ill-made man, but they are incapable of entering into the depth and height of the passion in his Othello. A nobleman of high rank, sense, and merit, who had accepted an order of knighthood, on being challenged for so doing by a friend, as a thing rather degrading to him than otherwise, made answer—"What you say, may be very true; but I am a little man, and am sometimes jostled, and treated with very little ceremony in walking along the streets: now the advantage of this new honour will be, that when people see the star at my breast, they will every one make way for me with the greatest respect." Pope bent himself double and ruined his constitution by over-study when young. He was hardly indemnified by all his posthumous fame, "the flattery that soothes the dull cold ear of death," nor by the admiration of his friends, nor the friendship of the great, for the distortion of his person, the want of robust health, and the insignificant figure he made in the eyes of strangers, and of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Not only was his diminutive and misshapen form against him in such trivial toys, but it was made a set-off and a bar to his poetical pretensions by his brother poets, who ingeniously converted the initial and final letters of his name into the invidious appellation A. P. E. He probably had the passage made under ground from his garden to his grotto, that he might not be rudely gazed at in crossing the road by some untutored clown, and perhaps started to see the worm he trod upon writhed into his own form, like Elshie the Black Dwarf. Let those who think the mind every thing and the body nothing, "ere we have shuffled off this mortal coil," read that fine moral fiction, or the real story of David Ritchie—believe and tremble!*

* It is more desirable to be the handsomest than the wisest man in his Majesty's dominions, for there are more people who have eyes than understandings. Sir John Suckling tells us that—

He prized black eyes and a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.

In like manner, I would be permitted to say, that I am so sick of this trade of authorship, that I have a much greater ambition to be the best racket-player, than the best prose-writer of the age. The critics look askance at one's best-meant efforts, but the face of a racket-player is the face of a friend. There is no juggling there. If the stroke is a good one, the hit tells. They do not keep two scores to mark the game with Whig and Tory notches. The thing is settled at once, and the applause of the *dedans* follows the marker's voice, and seconds the prowess of the hand, and the quickness of the eye. The accomplishments of the body are obvious and clear to all: those of the mind are recondite and doubtful, and therefore grudgingly acknowledged, or held up as the sport of prejudice, spite, and folly.

It may be urged that there is a remedy for all this in the appeal from the ignorant many to the enlightened few. But the few who are judges of what is called real and solid merit, are not forward to communicate their occult discoveries to others: they are withheld partly by envy, and partly by pusillanimity. The strongest minds are by rights the most independent and ingenious: but then they are competitors in the lists, and jealous of the prize. The prudent (and the wise are prudent!) only add their hearty applause to the acclamations of the multitude, which they can neither silence nor dispute. So Mr. Gifford dedicated those verses to Mr. Hoppner, when securely seated on the heights of fame and fortune, which before he thought might have savoured too much of flattery or friendship. Those even who have the sagacity to discover it, seldom volunteer to introduce obscure merit into publicity, so as to endanger their own pretensions: they praise the world's idols, and bow down at the altars which they cannot overturn by violence or undermine by stealth! Suppose literary men to be the judges and vouchers for literary merit:—but it may sometimes happen that a literary man (however high in genius or in fame) has no passion but the love of distinction, and hates every person or thing that interferes with his inadmissible or exorbitant claims. Dead to every other interest, he is alive to that, and starts up, like a serpent when trod upon, out of the slumber of wounded pride. The cold slime of indifference is turned into rank poison at the sight of your approach to an equality or competition with himself. If he is an old acquaintance, he would keep you always where you were, under his feet, to be trampled on: if a new one, he wonders he never heard of you before. As you become known, he expresses a greater contempt for you, and grows more captious and uneasy. The more you strive to merit his good word, the farther you are from it. Such characters will not only sneer at your endeavours, and keep silent as to your good qualities, but are out of countenance—“quite chopfallen”—if they find you have a cup of water or a crust of bread. It is only when you are in a jail, starved or dead—that their exclusive pretensions are safe, or their Argus-eyed suspicions laid asleep. This is a true copy, nor is it taken from one sitting, or a single subject. An author now-a-days, to succeed, must be something more than an author, a nobleman or rich plebeian: the simple literary character is not enough. “Such a poor forked animal,” as a mere poet or philosopher turned loose upon public opinion, has no chance against the flock of bats and owls that instantly assail him. It is name, it is wealth, it is title and influence that mollifies the tender-hearted Cerberus of criticism—first, by placing the honorary candidate for fame out of the reach of Grubstreet malice; secondly, by holding out the prospect of a dinner or a vacant office to successful sycophancy. This is the reason why a certain Magazine praises Percy Bysshe Shelley, and vilifies “Johnny Keats:” they know very well that they cannot ruin the one in fortune as well as in fame, but they may ruin the other in both, deprive him of a livelihood together with his good name, send him to *Coventry*, and into the Rules of a prison; and this is a double incitement to the exercise of their laudable and legitimate vocation. We do not hear that they plead the good-natured motive of the Editor of the Quarterly Review, that “they did it for his good,” because some one, in consequence of that critic’s abuse, had sent the author a present of five-and-twenty pounds! One of these writers went so far, in a sort of general profession of literary servility, as to declare broadly that there had been no great English poet, and that no one had a right to pretend to the character of a man of genius in this country, who was not of patrician birth—or connexions by marriage. This hook was well baited.

These are the *doctrines* that enrich the shops,
That pass with reputation through the land,
And bring their authors an immortal name.

It is the sympathy of the public with the spite, jealousy, and irritable humours of the writers that nourishes this disease, this gangrene and running sore in the public mind: this, this "embalms and spices to the April day again," what otherwise "the spital and the lazar-house would heave the gorge at!" T.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE COMMON EEL.

BY THE REV. W. BINGLEY.

The usual haunts of eels are still or tranquil waters, where the bottom is muddy, or where there are roots or stumps of trees, rocks or stones, under which they are sheltered from their foes, and where they can lie in security and ambush in wait for their prey. They feed with almost equal avidity on almost every species of animal substance, whether dead or living. Water-snails, worms, the larvæ or grubs of water insects, the spawn and young fry of fish, and such larger fish themselves as they are able to seize, as well as even the most putrid garbage, are all acceptable food to the eel; and it is not improbable where there is a scarcity of these, that they may devour even aquatic plants or mud.

M. Septfontaines once saw an eel about two feet long, seize and devour two young ducks; and it is well known, that in the stomachs of some large eels that were caught in a canal near Twickenham, about thirteen years ago, there were found, undigested, the limbs and parts of the bodies of several small ducks which had been suffered to swim about on that water. Of the carnivorous propensity of eels I have an instance strong in my own recollection. When I was a boy, I saw exposed for sale, at Retford, in Nottinghamshire, a quantity of eels that would have filled a couple of wheelbarrows, the whole of which, as I afterwards learnt, had been taken out of the body of a dead horse, thrown into a ditch near one of the adjacent villages; and I can assure the reader that they did not disgrace their food: they were, upon the whole, as large and fine eels as any person would desire to purchase.

Careful as eels may be to expose themselves as little as possible, yet they are not always able to escape that danger in which they are constantly involving their fellow fish. It is true they have not, in general, much to fear from the predatory tribes of the water. The pike and the perch, however enormous their size, are usually outwitted in their attacks, by the eel suddenly sinking itself into the mud: but this precaution does not equally secure it from the attack of the otter and the cormorant. The heron, the crane, and the stork, likewise, successfully make war upon it. These birds will often remain for hours on the watch for eels, and when they see one of them move in the mud, they in a moment strike at and secure it.

From the great agility and muscular strength of these fish, they are enabled to make long voyages, and to surmount numerous obstacles, which to many other fish would be insuperable. It will not, perhaps, be generally credited, though it is a well ascertained fact, that, in moist evenings, they oftentimes leave the water, and travel to considerable distances over land. Several instances, and those most satisfactorily authenticated, have been mentioned of this. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who resided some years at Carshalton, has more than once actually stumbled over them in the meadows, as he has returned from fishing for trout in the river Wandle. The intention of these strange excursions is, no doubt, for the purpose chiefly of changing their residence. This alone will account for the circumstance of eels being often found in ponds that were never stocked with

them, and that have no immediate communication whatever with any ditch or river.

Their faculty of continuing out of water for a long time together without injury is owing to the peculiar structure of their gills. They are able, whenever occasion requires it, to close the orifices of these with such nicety that the air cannot penetrate to injure them.

The extensive migrations of eels have been more noticed on the continent than in England. In these migrations they observe an order different from that of most other migratory fish. Whilst the greater part of these pass from the sea up the rivers, in order to deposit their offspring, the eels, on the contrary, in all maritime countries, shape their course downward, for this purpose, to the ocean. It has been remarked that, in their migrations they travel only in the night, and farthest when it is darkest and most cloudy. A bright, moonlight night, or even fires lighted on the banks, it is said, will for a while arrest their progress. In the spring of the year, and at no other season, eels are caught in the Baltic in great abundance; and they are then considered to be in the highest perfection.

The persons occupying mills on the river Avon, in Hampshire, have discovered that, during every flood that happened in the month of October, great numbers of eels go down the river. Turning this to advantage, they have devised a kind of box, which they call an eel stage, and which they place in a convenient part of the stream for the purpose of catching them; and they find that no eels worth mentioning can be caught in this way at any other season of the year.

It is more than probable that the eels which are thus caught are near their breeding time; and that they pass to the sea, or the mouths of rivers in the neighbourhood of the sea for the very purpose that the salmon pass from the sea upward toward the source of rivers. One instance in proof of this is given in a remark of Professor Bradley, written near eighty years ago, that "about the buoy in the Nore, the fishermen take an eel-like fish about Christmas, that has its belly full of live young ones, almost as small as hairs." Mr. Allen, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, observes, that eels breed for the most part about the month of February, a time of the year when few are caught, except where they are preserved in ponds. This gentleman opened two, and in one he found eggs, and in the other living offspring.

In some countries, and particularly about the canals of Venice, the eels return about the beginning of spring. This is peculiarly the case from the Adriatic sea, towards the lakes and marshes of Comachio, which are celebrated for eels. They arrive at the Po, though very young; but they do not issue thence to return to the sea, says Spallanzani, until they have acquired a sufficient growth, and are almost become adults.

That eels are viviparous, has been ascertained beyond all contradiction. Walter Chetwynd, esq. even so late in the year as the month of May, found live young ones in the bodies of several large eels; and in Prussia M. de Buggenhagen speaks of an eel having been caught during the hay harvest which was full of young ones, each of which was so small as not to be thicker than a slender thread.*

* That eels are viviparous, says Mr. Taylor, in his work on angling, is certain; for I do not believe that any one will venture to say, that he ever found any thing like roe in them; but I can assert, with truth, that for the purpose of satisfying myself on this head, I have cut open numbers of *eels*, and have found within many of them a small soft whitish substance knotted together very curiously; which, upon close examination, when separated, I found to be perfect young *eels*, capable of moving, though some of them were no thicker than a fine thread, and upon their being put into water I have seen them swim about. This discovery always happened in the latter end of summer, or beginning of autumn; which convinces me that they go down to the sea for the purpose

The principal number of young ones appear, however, not to be deposited until some time betwixt the months of January and May, although individuals have been known to have produced offspring at other seasons. It is probable that after this instinctive and important operation is completed, the animals reascend the rivers, and frequent, till the ensuing autumn, their accustomed haunts.

If the weather have been warm and favourable to their development and growth, the young ones usually commence their voyage from the sea up the rivers, about the middle or latter end of April, by which time some of the largest have attained the length of more than two inches: the greater part, however, are smaller. They keep close to the banks, and in appearance form near the surface a band of three or four inches long. Their motions are performed with considerable rapidity, and they follow all the bendings of the river, by which, although the length of their voyage is greatly increased, they avoid the current, which at this period of their growth, they would not have the power to stem. Where the water is tolerably still they expand their width; but wherever the current runs strongly round a cape, they occupy as little space as possible, press closely to the shore, and struggle hard till they have passed it. When by accident their line is broken, and they are thrown towards the middle of the stream, as soon as the impediment is removed or overcome, they immediately make for the bank again. In this manner they proceed, in continual motion, night and day, for three weeks or a month. If we estimate their progress at the average rate of about half a mile in an hour (though, were there no impediments, it would be considerably more than this,) and that they are only twelve in breadth, it will follow that the whole number passing up one side of the river alone in the course of thirty days would be near one hundred and forty millions! What an enormous annual increase if we multiply this sum by the whole number of rivers in Great Britain!

During their progress these little animals meet with numerous obstacles, but particularly from wiers and flood-gates, where, no doubt, great multitudes perish. With respect to the latter it is known that they are able to ascend by means of the viscosity of their skin, up the perpendicular boards and posts to the height of several feet above the surface of the water. But whoever, at this season of the year, examines these places, will find a great number which, not having had strength to surmount the obstacle, are adhering to the wood, and dead. In some places it is customary to hang straw ropes in such situations as may aid their ascent; and if this were a general practice it would tend very materially to the increase of the breed. I presume that it must have been much larger eels than these that Mr. Arderon speaks of having seen ascend the flood-gates of the water-works at Norwich to the height of five or six feet, although the boards and posts of these were in many places perfectly dry and smooth. He says that the animals first thrust their heads and about half their bodies out of the water, and, for some time, held them against the wood-work, till, as Mr. Arderon imagines, they found the viscosity of their bodies sufficiently thickened, by exposure to the air, to support their weight. They then began their ascent; and, says this gentleman, proceeded upward with as much apparent ease, as if they had been sliding along level ground, till they got into the dam above.*

(To be continued.)

above stated; and that those which stay behind, (for there are some to be found in the rivers at almost all times,) produce their young the same way; as do also those which by summer floods have been carried out of the rivers into ponds, rivulets, ditches, (where there is any spring,) and other waters, wherever they are, except those that are barren.—P. 136.

* See *Animal Biography*, vol. iii. p. 2.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, L. L. B.

The subject of this sketch was born on the 24th December, 1754, at Aldborough in Suffolk, where his father and grandfather were officers of his majesty's customs.

At an early age he was placed by his father in a school in his native county, probably with no other view than that of his acquiring such a knowledge of arithmetic and accounts as would fit him for the paternal employment; but when his prospects in a certain degree brightened, Mr. Crabbe removed his son to a seminary where the classics were taught, with a design of giving him that moderate portion of the learned languages which might qualify him for the profession of physic in the capacity of surgeon and apothecary. To this business he was in due time apprenticed, and looked forward in life to the labours and rewards (things by no means proportionate) of that arduous profession.

But in this view he was not perhaps disappointed, though certainly prevented. The family of his father was not small—his abilities to establish his children in life were limited, and the young man found on arriving at that period when he was called upon to think for himself, that there were at least two impediments in his way, neither of which he had the power, and one of them probably not the inclination, to remove. He saw that he had not the means of establishing himself in a situation profitable or respectable, and after some contention with himself and the circumstances around him, he judged that it would be most conducive to his happiness to relinquish a profession in which he had no rational hopes of succeeding, even though his expectations in any other way were (if somewhat more exhilarating) not more to be depended upon. What that other impediment to his succeeding in his intended profession was, may be readily conjectured from the bias and inclination of his mind, which at a very early period wandered into the fairy land of imagination, and rendered him unfit for a contention with the difficulties of life and the habits of severe application in a profession where his prospects were so clouded and precarious.

Mr. Crabbe the father was a mathematician, and in the course of his studies he became acquainted with and purchased the periodical works of Mr. Benjamin Martin, a man well known in his day, and remembered at this time by those then engaged in similar pursuits. Mr. Crabbe having much respect for the scientific part of the publication and not much for the poetical, separated the different parts which were paged with that view, and collecting the more favoured portions, mathematics and natural philosophy, in decent binding, he sewed the poetry in paper, and left it to the chance perusal of his children, if the eye of any of them should be attracted by the view of words placed in parallel lines of about the same length. The eye of the youth or rather the child was so directed, and he read, scarcely knowing what, pleased with the recurrence of similar sounds and with his ability of retaining a vast number of unmeaning verses in his memory. These he afterwards copied, and when at school it became a part of his amusement; when his memory failed, he supplied the defect by his invention, and thus at a very early period of his life became a versifier: a poet, it is presumed, he was not vain enough at that time to imagine he could be.

To guess what number of idle verses a boy thus initiated would compose is impossible. He wrote upon every occasion and without occasion, and like greater men, and indeed like almost every young versifier, he planned tragedies and epic poems, and began to think of succeeding in the highest line of composition before he had made one good and commendable effort in the lowest.

But this period of boyhood and insensibility to the cares and duties of man does not continue long: the time came when Mr. Crabbe was told and believed that he had more important concerns to engage him, and therefore for some years, though he occasionally found time to write some lines upon *Mira's Birth-day* and *Silvia's Lap-dog*, though he composed enigmas and solved rebuses, he had some degree of forbearance, and did not believe that the knowledge of diseases and the sciences of anatomy and physiology were to be acquired by the perusal of Pope's Homer, a Dictionary of Rhymes, and a Treatise on the Art of Poetry.

In this period of his life, had his prospects been such as would have given him rational and substantial grounds of hope that he might succeed in his profession, his views and connexions would probably have induced him to determine seriously to devote himself to his more immediate and certain duties; but he wanted courage to meet the difficulties that lay in his way: he saw impediments, insuperable in his idea, before him, and he probably did not find in himself that perseverance and fortitude which his situation required: nor can we suppose that the influence of the prevailing inclination was long dormant in him. He had with youthful indiscretion written for magazines and publications of that kind, wherein *Damons* and *Delias* begin the correspondence, that does not always end there, and where diffidence is nursed till it becomes presumption. There was then a *Lady's Magazine*, published by Mr. Wheble, in which our young candidate wrote for the prize on the subject of *Hope*, and he had the misfortune to gain it; by which he became entitled to we know not how many magazines, and in consequence of which he felt himself more elevated above the young men his companions, who made no verses, than it is to be hoped he has done at any time since, when he has been able to compare and judge with a more moderate degree of self-approbation.

About the end of the year 1778, Mr. Crabbe, after as full and perfect a survey of the good and evil before him as his prejudices, inclinations, and his little knowledge of the world enabled him to take, finally resolved to abandon his profession; his health was not robust, his spirits were not equal; assistance he could expect none, and he was not so sanguine as to believe he could do without it. With the best verses he could write and with very little more he quitted the place of his birth, not without the most serious apprehensions of the consequence of such a step—apprehensions which were conquered, and barely conquered, by the more certain evil of the prospect before him, should he remain where he then was.

When our young author, for such he was soon to become, if he had not yet entitled himself to the appellation, thus fled from a gloomy prospect to one as uncertain, though less gloomy, he had not heard of a youthful adventurer whose fate it is probable would have in some degree affected his spirits, if it had not caused an alteration in his purpose. Of Chatterton, his extraordinary abilities, his enterprising spirit, his writing in periodical publications, his daring project and melancholy fate, he had yet learned nothing; otherwise it may be supposed that a warning of such a kind would have had no small influence upon a mind rather vexed with the present than expecting much from the future, and not sufficiently happy and at ease to draw consolations from variety, and much less from a comparison in which vanity would have found no trifling mortification.

Thus relinquishing every hope of fixing in his profession, Mr. Crabbe repaired to the metropolis and resided in lodgings with a family in the city: for reasons which he might not himself be able to assign, he was afraid of going to the west end of the town. He was placed it is true near to some friends of whose kindness he was assured, and was probably loth to lose that domestic and cheerful society, which he doubly felt in a world of strangers.

In this lodging Mr. Crabbe passed something more than one year, during which his chief study was to improve in versification, to read all such books as he could command, and to take as full and particular a view of mankind, as his time and his finances enabled him to do. We believe that he particularly acknowledges his obligation to Mr. Bonnycastle, the present master of the Military Academy at *Woolwich*, for many hours of consolation, amusement, and instruction. They met in an evening after the studies and labours of the day, to commence other studies and labours of a more light and agreeable kind, and then it was that Mr. Crabbe experienced the inestimable relief which one mind may administer to another. After many months intercourse they parted as their different pursuits and duties called them.

Mr. Crabbe we believe at this time offered some poem for publication, but he was not encouraged by the reception which his MS. experienced from those who are said to be not the worst judges of literary composition; he was indeed assured by a bookseller, who afterwards published for him, that he must not suppose the refusal to purchase proceeded from a want of merit in the poem. Such however was his inference, and that thought had the effect which it ought; he took more pains and tried new subjects. In one respect he was unfortunate. While preparing a more favourite piece for the inspection of a gentleman whom he had then in view, he hazarded the publication of an anonymous performance, and had the satisfaction of hearing in due time something (not much indeed, that something was much) would arise from it, but while he gathered encouragement and looked forward to more than mere encouragement from this essay, the holder of his little prize, the publisher, failed, and his hope of profit was as transitory as the fame of his nameless production.

Our author, for now he must be classed with these adventurous men, either from his little experience or his observations, conceived the idea that his attempts would be hopeless while he continued to be unknown, and he grew modest enough to believe, that instead of being made known by his works, he must be first known to have them introduced, and he began to turn his view to the aid of some friend, celebrated himself, and therefore able to give him an introduction to the notice of the public; or if he did not so far mistake as to believe that any name can give lasting reputation to an undeserving work, yet he was fully persuaded that it must be some very meritorious and extraordinary performance, such as he had not the vanity to suppose himself capable of producing, that would become popular without the introductory *probat* of some well known and distinguished character. Thus thinking, and having now his first serious attempt nearly completed, afraid of venturing without a guide, doubtful whom to select, knowing many by reputation, none personally, he fixed, impelled by some propitious influence, in some happy moment, upon *Edmund Burke*, one of the first of Englishmen, and in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings.

To Mr. Burke the young man, with timidity indeed, but with the strong and buoyant expectation of inexperience, submitted a large quantity of miscellaneous composition, on a variety of subjects, which he was soon taught to appreciate at their proper value; yet such was the feeling and tenderness of his judge, that in the very act of condemnation something was found for praise. Mr. Crabbe had sometimes the satisfaction of hearing, when the verses were bad, that the thoughts deserved better, and that if he had the common faults of inexperienced writers, he had frequently the merit of thinking for himself. Among those compositions were poems of somewhat a superior kind, the *Library* and the *Village*;

these were selected by Mr. Burke, and with the benefit of his judgment and the comfort of his encouraging and exhilarating predictions, Mr. Crabbe was desired to learn the duty of sitting in judgment upon his best efforts, and without mercy rejecting the rest. When all was done that his abilities permitted, and when Mr. Burke had patiently waited the progress of improvement in the man whom he conceived to be capable of it, he himself took the *Library* to Mr. Dodsley, then of Pall Mall, and gave many lines the advantage of his own reading and comments. Mr. Dodsley listened with all the respect due to the reader of the verses, and all the apparent desire to be pleased that could be wished by the writer, and he was as obliging in his reply, as in the very nature of things a bookseller can be supposed to be towards a young candidate for poetical reputation. "He had declined the venturing upon any thing himself: there was no judging of the probability of success. The taste of the town was exceedingly capricious and uncertain: he paid the greatest respect to Mr. Burke's opinion; the verses were good, and he did, in part, think so himself; but he declined the hazard of publication, yet would do all he could for Mr. Crabbe, and take care that his poem should have all the benefit he could give it."

The worthy man was mindful of his engagement: he became even solicitous for the success of the work, and no doubt its speedy circulation was in some degree caused by his exertions. This he did, and he did more: though by no means insensible of the value of money, he gave to the author his profits as a publisher and vender of the pamphlet, and Mr. Crabbe has seized every occasion which has offered to make acknowledgment for such disinterested conduct, at a period when it was more particularly acceptable and beneficial. The success of the *Library* gave some reputation to the author, and was the occasion of his second poem, the *Village*, which was corrected, and a considerable portion of it written in the house of his excellent friend, whose own activity and energy of mind would not permit a young man under his protection to cease from labour, and whose judgment directed that labour to its most useful attainments.

The exertions of this excellent friend in favour of a young writer were not confined to one mode of affording assistance. Mr. Crabbe was encouraged to lay open his views, past and present, to display whatever reading and acquirements he possessed, to explain the causes of his disappointments and the cloudiness of his prospects; in short he concealed nothing from a friend so able to guide inexperience, and so willing to pardon inadvertency. He was invited to Beaconsfield, to the seat of his protector, and was there placed in a convenient apartment, supplied with books for his information and amusement, and made a member of a family, whom it was honour as well as pleasure to become in any degree associated with. If Mr. Crabbe, noticed by such a man, and received into such a family, should have given way to some emotions of vanity, and should have supposed there must have been merit on one part, as well as benevolence on the other, he has no slight plea to offer for his frailty, especially as we conceive it may be added, that his vanity never at any time extinguished any portion of his gratitude, and that it has ever been his delight to think, as well as his pride to speak, of Mr. Burke as his father, guide, and friend; nor did that gentleman ever disallow the name to which his conduct gave sanction and propriety.

(To be continued.)

Variety.

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

The circumstances attending the death of the Countess of Bedford, wife of the fifth earl, who was afterwards advanced to the dukedom, were very remarkable. This lady, equally accomplished in mind and person, was the daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by the dissolute Countess of Essex: but the guilt of her parents and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury had been industriously concealed from her, so that all she knew was their conjugal infelicity, and their living latterly in the same house without ever meeting. Having one day entered her lord's study, with a mind oppressed and dejected by the tragical end of Lord Russel, and the earl being suddenly called away; her eye, as it is supposed, was caught by a thin folio, lettered, *Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset*. She took it down, and turning over the leaves, was struck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back, and was found by her husband dead in that posture, with the book lying open before her.

THOMSON.

The author of the "Castle of Indolence," paid homage in that admirable poem to the master passion of his own easy nature. Thomson was so excessively lazy, that he is recorded to have been seen standing at a peach tree, with both his hands in his pockets, eating the fruit as it grew. At another time, being discovered in a bed at a very late hour in the day, when he was asked why he did not rise, his answer was, "Troth mon, I see nae motive for rising."

APOLOGY FOR FLATTERY.

James II. once asked a preacher, how he could justify the commending of princes when they did not deserve it? He answered, that princes were so high in station, that preachers could not use the same liberty in reproving them as other men, and therefore by praising them for what they were not, taught them what they ought to be. The king was pleased with the ingenuity of the answer, but observed that, for himself, he did not desire to be complimented into his duty; they had his full permission to tell him plainly of his faults; he desired their prayers, and not their praises.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A Welsh parson preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation, that in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow creatures, we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish, that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off into the river. "And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you. One goat laid himself down, and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved, let us live like the goats."

SHIPS LOST AMIDST ICE.

In the year 1777, three Dutch vessels were lost in the Greenland whale fishery: and of the crews, consisting of four hundred and fifty men, only one hundred and forty were saved. The crews in the first instance obtained a refuge in another vessel, which they reached with much difficulty, being obliged to leap from one piece of ice to another. The seamen were exposed to all the horrors of famine, being reduced to feed on the remnants of fish attached to the root of a whalebone. The dogs belonging to the lost vessels

were next killed and ate; and snow water, in which chips of wood had been infused, was drank to quench their thirst.

The refuge ship was the day after they had got on board crushed by enormous pieces of ice, and then buried under them. The suddenness of the disaster prevented the crew from saving any fuel from the vessel; but they got some portions of sails on the first alarm, and eleven boats. These precautions proved vain; for they were forced to seek for safety in flight: then leaping from one portion of ice to another, they tried to find a solid place of sufficient extent to contain the whole. This they at length found, and carried thither their scanty stock of provisions.

These mariners, though exposed to the most intense cold, on an immense island of ice, which might the first moment crumble down and crush them to atoms, and almost destitute of food and clothing, still continued to

"Lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope."

They hastily prepared two miserable tents with the pieces of sails they had secured, and sheltered themselves in them in the best manner they were able. The field of ice continually drifting, it became impossible to remain on it with any degree of safety. Two hundred and thirty of the rescued crews resolved attempting another voyage to reach the continent; while twenty-six, considering it impracticable, preferred staying behind. The adventurers entertaining different opinions with respect to their route, separated into several parties.

Captain Janz, and three other officers, followed by forty seamen, set forward on the 13th of October. Each had thirteen biscuits, which was his whole stock of provisions. After a short, though distressing journey, they arrived at an island where they passed the night. Here they met some of the inhabitants, who were very hospitable, carried them in canoes to their huts, and supplied them with dried fish, the flesh of seals, and vegetables.

After passing several days with their benefactors, they resumed their journey, which was a painful one. They passed through different tribes of Greenlanders; by some they were well received, but much oftener ill-treated; and they were exposed to die of hunger and thirst. A little moss scraped from under the snow, and the raw flesh of the dogs that they killed, added to a few which were luckily caught, formed their entire sustenance. At last, after enduring every species of misfortune and fatigue, they arrived at the Danish settlement of Frederickshaub, on the 13th of March, where they were hospitably entertained, and afterwards sent to Holland.

Another party, who had taken a northerly direction, endured nearly equal distress, but reached the same place with the loss of one man only. Those of their companions in misfortune, who could not be persuaded to follow them, remained on the ice until it was drifted towards Staten Point. They, however, luckily made the land, and embarking afterwards in a boat they had preserved, they reached Greenland; whence they were rescued by a Danish ship, and ultimately reached Holland.

REMARKABLE ABSTINENCE.

There are instances upon record of persons who have far surpassed the abstinence of Anne Moore of fasting notoriety. One of these was exhibited in the person of Henry Stiphont, of Harlem, who was born in 1664. His mother was subject to temporary intellectual derangements, and a melancholy disposition, together with the extraordinary eccentricity of many of his expressions and actions, even during infancy, seemed to forebode that he would be as mad as his mother. This was the more probable as he had a sister who was already insane. He nevertheless learned a trade, married in his twentieth year, and though he occasionally played mad pranks, yet he continued to gain a subsistence by manual labour till the winter of 1684,

when he had a violent quarrel with his father-in-law, and in the heat of the rencounter, broke one of his legs. His apprehensions lest he should fall into the hands of justice were so strong, that he became quite frantic, and it was found necessary to send him to the mad-house. In about six or seven months he took it into his head that he was Jesus Christ, and determined to fast forty days and forty nights. On the 6th of December, 1684, he commenced this fast, and continued it till the 15th of January, 1685. He only smoked tobacco as usual, and took a small quantity of water, though rather for the purpose of rinsing his mouth than to drink. Besides this he took no food of any kind, either solid or liquid, and would not suffer broth or spirits to be mixed with his water; for he instantly discovered what had been done and threw the basin from him with abhorrence. In vain did those about him endeavour, by menaces and persuasions, to divert him from his purpose; in vain did they contrive the pious deception of making an angel appear to him to command him, in the name of God, to eat. He persisted that it was the will of his Heavenly Father that he should fast. His clothes were examined in the strictest manner, as well as every corner of his cell, but no food of any sort was ever discovered; and it was absolutely impossible that any could be introduced to him at night. There could not, of course, be any delusion; and this was farther proved by the circumstance that after the first days he had no evacuation. His health was, nevertheless, good, during the whole period of his fast; and, at the end of it, he seemed to have sustained no loss either in flesh or strength.

At the expiration of the time he asked for something to eat. The attendants feared that his stomach, after so long a suspension, would be incapable of resuming its functions; and would, therefore, have first administered medicines to open the contracted viscera, but he absolutely refused to take any, declaring that his Heavenly Father had commanded him to eat, at first, nothing but gruel made with the flour of Turkey corn, (which when cold may be cut like jelly); and told him that his wife was to prepare it for him. This was accordingly done, and he was conducted into another apartment where a number of spectators had assembled. He pronounced a long frantic prayer and then ate and drank heartily. The dish was taken from him lest he should hurt himself. This liberty highly incensed him; he submitted to force alone, and raved violently.

Next morning he complained of violent pains in the abdomen, which were so severe as to make him frequently cry out. He, nevertheless, would have something more to eat on that day. It was some time before the secretions of his body were restored to a regular state; but his mind remained incurable.

This story, as may easily be imagined, made a great noise; and the credulous, as in the case of our female impostor, considered the circumstance as a miracle. The intelligent ascribed this miracle partly to insanity and partly to the use of tobacco. There have been instances, said they, of madmen who have endured the most intense cold, in which any person in his senses must have perished. If insanity can produce insensibility to cold, why not to hunger also?—It is not improbable that the tobacco might have allayed the cravings of appetite. It is said that the savages of Canada when in want of provisions frequently subsist for weeks together on nothing but water and tobacco.

LATIMER.

The first remarkable occasion on which Latimer, one of that glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the reformation into England, publicly avowed his opinion respecting the corruptions of the Romish Church, was in a course of sermons, which he delivered during the Christmas holidays before the University of Cambridge, to which he belonged. He insisted particularly on

the great abuse of locking up the Scriptures in an unknown tongue; and endeavoured to show, that in comparison with the religion of the heart, external observances were of no manner of value. The orthodox part of the clergy, as they were then called, could not allow such heresies to pass without some attempt at a public confutation of them. The task was undertaken by Dr. Buckingham, Prior of the Black Friars, who appeared in the same pulpit a few Sundays after; and with great pomp and prolixity, declared against the dangerous tendency of Latimer's opinions, particularly the dreadful notion of having the Scriptures in English. "If that heresy," said he, "were to prevail, we should soon see an end of every thing useful among us. The ploughman reading, that if he put his hand to the plough, and should happen to look back, he was unfit for the kingdom of Heaven, would soon lay aside his labour; the baker likewise reading that a little leaven will corrupt his lump, would give us very insipid bread; the simple man also finding himself commanded to pluck out his eyes, in a few years we should have the nation full of blind beggars." Latimer could not help listening with secret pleasure to this ingenious reasoning; and longed till an opportunity came round for exposing it. When it came again to his turn to preach, the whole University crowded to hear him. Among the rest, Prior Buckingham himself entered the church with his cowl about his shoulders, and seated himself with an air of importance before the pulpit. Latimer with great gravity recapitulated the learned doctor's arguments, placed them in the strongest light, and then assailed them with such a flow of wit, and at the same time with so much good humour, that without exciting one unfavourable sentiment against himself, he made his adversary in the highest degree ridiculous. He then with great address appealed to the people; descanted upon the low esteem in which their guides had always held their understandings; expressed his indignation at their being treated with such contempt; and wished that his honest countrymen might only have the use of the Scriptures, till they were guilty of so absurd an interpretation of them, as that apprehended by the learned friar.

Latimer was afterwards interdicted from preaching by his Diocesan, the Bishop of Ely; but there, fortunately, happened at this time to be a Protestant Prior in Cambridge, Dr. Barnes, of the Austin Friars, who having a monastery exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and being a great admirer of Latimer, boldly licensed him to preach there. The late opposition having greatly excited the curiosity of the people, the friar's chapel was soon incapable of containing the crowds that solicited admission. It is not a little remarkable, that the same Bishop of Ely who had interdicted Latimer, was now often one of his hearers; and had the ingenuousness to declare, that he was among the best preachers he had ever heard.

After Latimer's promotion to the See of Worcester, in the time of Henry VIII., he preached before the court. The sermon which he delivered on the occasion, was at a subsequent convocation of the bishops, at which the king was present, denounced to his majesty as seditious, by the Bishop of Winchester. Latimer being called upon by Henry with some sternness to vindicate himself, was so far from denying or even palliating what he had said, that he boldly justified it; and turning to the king with that noble unconcern which a good conscience inspires, made this answer: "I never thought myself worthy, and I never sued to be a preacher before your Grace; but I was called to it; and would be willing, if you mislike it, to give place to my betters, for I grant there may be a great many more worthy of the room than I am. And if it be your Grace's pleasure to allow them for preachers, I could be content to bear their books after them. But if your Grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire you to give me leave to discharge my conscience, and to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had

been a very dolt indeed, to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your Grace." This answer baffled the malice of his accuser. The severity of the king's countenance relaxed into a gracious smile; and Latimer was dismissed with that obliging freedom which this monarch never used but to those he esteemed.

During the three first years of the succeeding reign of Edward VI., Latimer preached the Lent sermons before his majesty; and such were the crowds which then resorted to hear him, that Heylen tells us, the pulpit was removed out of the Royal Chapel into the Privy Garden.

His style of preaching is said to have been extremely captivating; simple and familiar, often enlivened with anecdote, irony, and humour; and still oftener swelling into strains of the most impassioned and awakening eloquence. Of the earnestness of his manner, we have the following striking specimen in one of his sermons delivered at court against the corruptions of the age. "Take heed, and beware of covetousness; take heed, and beware of covetousness; take heed and beware of covetousness; and what if I should say nothing else these three or four hours but these words? Great complaints there are of it, and much crying out, and much preaching, but little amendment that I can see. Covetousness is the root of all evil. Then have at the root; out with your swords, ye preachers, and strike at the root. Stand not ticking and toying at the branches, for new branches will spring out again; but strike at the root, and fear not these great men, these men of power, these oppressors of the needy; fear them not, but strike at the root."

BOILEAU.

Boileau usually passed the summer at his villa at Auteuil, which is pleasantly situated at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne. Here he took delight in assembling under his roof the most eminent geniuses of the age; especially, Chapelle, Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine. When he had these writers to dine with him, literature furnished the chief subjects of their conversation. Chapelain's *Pucelle* generally lay upon the table, and whoever happened to make a grammatical error in speaking, was obliged, by way of punishment, to read a passage from that work. Racine the younger gives the following account of a droll circumstance that occurred at supper at Auteuil, with the abovementioned literati. "At this supper," he says, "at which my father was not present, the wise Boileau was no more master of himself, than any of his guests. After the wine had led them into the gravest strain of moralizing, they agreed that life was but a state of misery: that the greatest happiness consisted in having been born, and the next greatest in an early death; and they one and all formed the heroic resolution of throwing themselves, without loss of time, into the river. It was not far off, and they actually went thither. Molière, however, remarked, that such a noble action ought not to be buried in the obscurity of night, but was worthy of being performed in the face of day. This observation produced a pause; one looked at the other, and said, "He is right." "Gentlemen," said Chapelle, "we had better wait till morning to throw ourselves into the river, and meanwhile return and finish our wine." This anecdote has been brought on the stage by Andrieux, in a piece entitled, "Molière and his Friends, or the Supper at Auteuil."

One of Boileau's favourite amusements at Auteuil was playing at skittles. "This game," says the younger Racine, "he plays with extraordinary skill; I have repeatedly seen him knock down all the nine pins at a single throw." "It cannot be denied," said Boileau one day speaking to a friend, "that I possess two distinguished talents, both equally useful to mankind; the one, that I can play well at skittles; the other, that I can write good verses."

Boileau was advanced in years, when he found himself necessitated to

sell his villa at Auteuil, a circumstance which not a little embittered the conclusion of his life. It afterwards became the property of Gendron, the celebrated physician, whom Voltaire, in his visit, complimented in the following neat impromptu:

C'est ici le vrai Parnasse
Des vrai enfans d'Apollon;
Sous le nom de BOILEAU ces lieux virent Horaces
Esculape y paroît sous celui de GENDRON.

Boileau fancied he possessed a secret worth knowing in the composition of poetry: he always made the *second* line of his couplet before the *first*, in order, as he said, to infuse greater energy and compression, by confining the sense to narrow limits. It is, perhaps, the adoption of this plan, which has given such epigrammatic turn to many passages in his writings.

ALFIERI.

Alfieri, though the greatest poet that modern Italy has produced, was possessed with the strange ambition not of being the first poet, but the first *runner* in Italy. We do not however learn that his ambition was gratified; and it is difficult to look upon it as free from a very large share of affectation.

He delighted in eccentricities, nor were they always of the most amiable kind. Being one evening at the house of the Princess Carignani, he was leaning in one of his silent moods against a sideboard decorated with a rich tea-service of china, and by a sudden movement of his long loose tresses, threw down one of the cups. The lady of the mansion ventured to tell him that he had spoiled her set, and had better have broken them all. The words were no sooner said, than Alfieri, without replying or changing countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor. His hair was fated to bring another of his eccentricities into play. He went one night alone to the theatre at Turin, and hanging carelessly with his head backwards over the corner of his box, a lady in the next seat on the other side of the partition, who had on other occasions made several attempts to attract his attention, broke out into violent and repeated encomiums on his auburn locks, which were flowing down close to her hand. Alfieri spoke not a word, and continued his position until he left the theatre. The lady received the next morning a parcel, the contents of which she found to be the tresses she had so much admired, and which the poet had cut off close to his head. There was no billet with the present, but words could not have more clearly said, "If you like the hair, here it is; but for heaven's sake, leave me alone."

Alfieri, in his last moments, agreed to see a priest. When he called, he said to him with uncommon affability, "Have the kindness to look in to-morrow; I trust that death will wait for four-and-twenty hours." The ecclesiastic returned next day. Alfieri was sitting in his arm chair, and said, "At present I fancy I have but few minutes to spare." He begged that the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender, who was, as the inscription on his tomb states, "his only love," might be brought in; and the moment he saw her, he exclaimed, "Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."

OLD PRACTICES.

In some parts of Scotland, in former times, the ploughs used to be drawn by four horses abreast, and required the attendance of three men. The business of one man was to drive. For that purpose he placed himself between the middle horses, with his face towards the plough to guide it straight, and in this position he stepped backwards with the reins in his hand. Another walked behind the horses with a *cleeked* staff, which he fastened in the front of the beam, and by means of it regulated the depth

of the furrow, by raising or lowering the plough, as occasion required. The ploughman followed with a hold of the stilts; and in this formidable and ludicrous manner they repeated their attacks on the soil.

In harvest, a basket machine was placed on horseback for carrying home the grain; and persons were employed on each side with forks to keep it in a proper poise. It is said that this practice is yet to be met with in Galloway.

Many practices subsisting even at this day in Ireland are still more ridiculous. Mr. Arthur Young tells us, that in Donegal he has actually seen horses ploughing by the tail!

NOBLE RESIGNATION.

On the reduction of Louisbourg, in 1758, the island of St. John, in the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, capitulated on the condition that the inhabitants should be sent to France. The Duke William transport, commanded by Captain Nicholls, took on board nearly four hundred of them; but on her way home encountered a violent storm, which nearly dashed her to pieces. Every effort was made to preserve the ship, in which the French, and even the women, greatly assisted. There was a prisoner on board, who was a hundred and ten years of age, the father of the whole island of St. John's, and who had a number of children, grandchildren, and other relations on board. This gentleman seeing no hopes that the vessel could be saved, went to Captain Nicholls, and taking him in his arms, said, that he came by desire of the whole of his countrymen, to request that he and his men would endeavour to save their own lives in the boats. "And," said the venerable patriarch, while the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks, "as the boats are insufficient to carry more than you and your crew, we will not be accessory to your destruction. We are well convinced by your whole conduct, that you have done every thing in your power for our preservation, but God Almighty seems to have ordained that many of us must perish, and our only wish and hope is, that you and your men may reach the shore in safety."

Such generosity and gratitude for only doing a duty in endeavouring to save the lives of the prisoners, as well as their own, astonished Captain Nicholls, and he replied, that although there were no hopes of life, yet as they had all embarked in the same unhappy voyage, they would all take the same chance, and share the same fate. The old gentleman strongly remonstrated, and reminded the captain that, if he did not acquaint his people with the offer, he would have to answer for their lives. Captain Nicholls then mentioned it to the crew, who said they would cheerfully remain on board, if any plan could be devised for the preservation of the others; but that being impossible, they would not refuse to comply with their earnest request. The people then thanking them for their great kindness, bade them an eternal farewell; and hastening down the stern ladder, got into the boat, to the number of twenty-seven. A French priest, who was under strong apprehensions of death, was at his earnest request taken into the boat. Just as they had left the vessel, her decks blew up—she instantly sunk in the ocean, and three hundred and sixty persons perished with her. Captain Nicholls and his men reached the coast of Cornwall in safety, and landed at Penzance.

DR. DOROTHY SCHLOZER.

Dorothy Schlozer, a Hanoverian lady, was thought worthy of the highest academical honours of the University of Gottingen; and at the jubilee in 1787, had the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred upon her, when

she was only seventeen years of age. She was the daughter of the Professor of Philosophy in that University; and from her earliest years discovered an uncommon genius for learning. Before she was three years of age, she was taught Low German, a language almost foreign to her own. Before she was six years old, she had learned French and German; and then commenced geometry; when after receiving ten lessons, she was able to answer very difficult questions. The English, Italian, Swedish, and Dutch languages, were next acquired with singular rapidity; and before she was fourteen, she knew Latin and Greek, and had become a good classical scholar. Besides her knowledge of languages, she made herself acquainted with almost every branch of polite literature, as well as many of the sciences, particularly mathematics. She made great proficiency in mineralogy; and during a visit of six weeks in the Hartz Forest, she visited the deepest mines in the common habit of a labourer, and examined the whole process of the work.

Her surprising talents becoming the general topic of conversation, she was proposed by the great orientalist, Michaelis, as a proper subject for academical honours. The philosophical faculty of which the professor was dean, was judged the fittest; and a day was fixed for the examination in the presence of all the professors. She was introduced by Michaelis himself, and distinguished as a lady with the highest seat. Several questions were first proposed to her in mathematics; all of which she answered to their satisfaction. After this, she gave a free translation of the thirty-seventh Ode of the first book of Horace, and explained it. She was then examined in various branches of art and science; when she displayed a thorough knowledge of the subjects. The examination lasted two hours and a half; when the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was unanimously conferred upon her; and she was crowned with a wreath of laurel by Miss Michaelis, at the request of the professors.

NONCONFORMITY.

When Oliver Heywood was about to quit the living of Coley Chapel, in the parish of Halifax, Yorkshire, on account of the laws of conformity, one of his hearers was very earnest in expressing his desire that he would still continue their preacher. Mr. Heywood said he would as gladly preach, as they could desire it, if he could conform with a safe conscience. "Oh! sir," replied the man, "many a man now-a-days makes a great gash in his conscience, cannot you make a little nick in yours?"

An Account of the Coronation, is preparing for the press, by command of the king.

It is said that shipments of domestic goods have recently been made from New York to South America.

Poetry.

THE INVITATION.

Oh come, with thy blue eyes of beaming,
Thou nameless one, whom I love best;
When the sun-beam of crimson is streaming
Through the lattice that looks to the west:
Oh come, when the birds with their singing
Fill every recess of the grove,—
And such thoughts in the bosom are springing
As kindle the spirit to love!

Oh come, where the elm-tree encloses
 The mossy green seat in its shade,—
 And the perfume of blossoming roses
 Is borne on the breeze of the glade;
 The streamlet is sparkling beneath us,
 The brier-covered banks are above,—
 Around are young lilies, and with us
 Soft thoughts that speak to us of love!

Oh come, for afflictions are thronging
 To darken my life to a waste;
 Oh come, for my spirit is longing
 The bliss of thy presence to taste!
 Though dark disappointments have wrung me,
 And though with my fate I have strove,
 Whate'er were the arrows that stung me,
 I have found a resource in thy love!

Oh come, for thy smiling has cheated
 The woes of my breast, and so well
 The darkness of sorrows defeated,
 That nought else on earth could dispel;
 Without thee my being would wither,
 And pleasure a bauble would prove,
 Forget not, my sweet, to come hither,
 And solace my heart by thy love!

[*Blackwood's Mag.*]

THE DREARY MOOR.

The blinding rain falls heavily
 Upon the wide, waste moor,—
 Far, far and onward must I hie
 To gain a human door:
 The twilight gathers dim and dark;
 The winds and waters jar;
 No heart shall leap this night to mark
 The glorious evening star!

Yet, as the wind sighs o'er the heath,
 And as the rain pours down,
 And as the swoln streams rush beneath
 Their banks, all weed-o'ergrown,
 I think of thee, young Ellen dear,—
 I doat on every charm,—
 And with such thoughts, 'mid wilds so drear,
 Can keep my bosom warm.

I think me of thine eyes so blue,—
 Thy lips so cherry-red,—
 The glossy curls, of auburn hue,
 That cluster round thy head;—
 Thy graceful form, all fairy light;
 Thy bosom's snowy heave;
 Thy smile, that makes my visions bright,
 When prone to droop and grieve.

Then round my breast my plaid I'll fold,
 And bravely face the blast,
 Well knowing that my arms shall hold
 My own sweet girl at last;
 And that our hearth shall brightly blaze,
 To tell me not to roam;
 And that my Ellen's darling gaze
 Shall bless my coming home!

[*Ib.*]